

found truth that a new race was born on this day. The earth awakes from the long, seeming death like sleep of winter; the buds are swelling, the grass is springing; the birds are returning—their song is heard o'er the meadow and in the trees: on the sunny slopes the lambs skip joyously; the brooks laugh merrily on their way, released from their icy fastness. O happy Nature! responding to the quickening touch of thy Creator! Sing thy song of joy and praise to him for whose glory thou wast created. The sleep of death is gone—the morning of life is here; the night of sorrow is past—the morning of joy has come.

But what would'st thou teach us O Nature? Is it left for thee *alone* to raise thy hymn of praise? Were it not *soulless* did not thy head—the highest revelation of thyself, he who was placed over thee and told to subdue thee, *THY SOUL*—unite with thee in grander, nobler sense to swell the glad anthem of thy praise? Let us learn then, ye sons of men, this lesson from nature.

Let us draw aside the curtain that hides the past. Let us retrace our steps for nineteen hundred years. Come with me to the foot of Mt. Olivet. A company of mourners are passing slowly along and are met by another company coming towards them; these are men of grave aspect but engaged in earnest conversation. Their attention seems rapt in the words of One whom we at once single out as the chief of their number and whom we recognize as Jesus, the "Man of Galilee." As he approaches, the chief mourner of the other company, a sad and desolate and grief stricken woman, starts forward and in tones of sorrow, perhaps mingled with a little reproach, says, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died." It is Mary speaking, whose brother Lazarus has died. Jesus regarding her compassionately, says: "Where have ye laid him?" Let us follow them to the sepulchre. Behold the God-man weeps! He had said to Martha, sister of Mary, "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me tho he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Coming to the grave he commands them to roll away the stone,—Behold, the God man at the grave of the human race! those tears of sorrow and compassion at the ruin sin had wrought,—and raising his eyes to heaven and uttering words of thankfulness to his Father, he calls with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth!" He that was dead hears the voice of the Son of God and comes forth. Oh, wondrous fact, heavenly harbinger! Ah, son of man, would'st thou learn the truth here? Is it not that He, thy Creator, has found thee? That he, the God-man, is here by this token, pledging His own death and resurrection for thee? That thou hast been touched by the Soul of nature and quickened from the dead? We follow still: and now the events hasten; crowded full becomes the life of the God-man—of miracle, parable and journey-

ings to and fro, and in and about the holy city,—more and more intense becomes that life. At last His face is set steadfastly to go up to the city for his final rejection. There are the hosannas of the multitudes as Zion's King comes riding upon an ass's colt; the cleansing of the temple; the last solemn meal; the washing of the apostles' feet; the loaf and the cup; the last hymn; the lonely garden; the agonizing prayer causing the blood-sweat drops; and then—the struggle is over, the victory is won,—the mob with swords and staves; the traitorous kiss, and he is all alone with his enemies. Where are the twelve?—fled. Oh, shame! shame! Shall we drop the curtain? May not we hide this dark tragedy from the gaze of the generations of time? No, no! we follow still; let us see it all. We shall see the glory by and bye. (He had told His disciples that their hearts should be filled with sorrow, but their sorrow should be turned into joy.) There is now the early morning trial before the council, and then to Pilate, and to Herod, back again to Pilate; the cry, "Crucify him"; then the scourging; the crown of thorns; the purple robe; the mock worship; and then—the cross:

"Behold! faint on the road,  
'Neath the world's heavy load,  
Comes a thorn-crowned man o'er the way.  
And the throng shout aloud  
As, while on thru the crowd  
He's ascending that hill lone and gray.  
  
Hark! I hear the dull blow  
Of the hammer swung low,  
They are nailing my Lord to the tree;  
And the cross they upraise,  
While the multitude gaze  
On the blest Lamb of dark Calvary."

What is this? What awful darkness is this settling over the face of nature? She is draping herself in mourning, for her head, her Lord, her soul, is dying. Hark! The agonizing cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me!" See the rending rocks! the rent veil of the temple! the open way into the presence of the Shekinah! "It is finished!"

Tenderly, reverently, Joseph and Nicodemus wrap the sacred form; bear it softly, slowly, to the rock hewn sepulchre; what hallowed ground! Roll the stone upon the grave's mouth; seal it with the Roman seal; set the Roman guard to watch. Let us leave them there and rest o'er the Sabbath.

Hope is fled; the earth's Redeemer is dead! dead! dead! Cold and heavy are the hearts of the disciples. The image of the glory of the earthly kingdom they were looking for has faded away. Can it be they do not yet understand his words?

'Tis early morning of the first day. Some women are early at the tomb with loving hand to embalm the body, when lo! the stone is rolled away, and an angel declares that he is risen! Oh joy! He is risen! They depart to make it known to the disciples. Peter and John run to the tomb. Oh joy! 'tis even so! The watch tell it in the city. He is seen of Mary. He talks with

two on their way to Emmaus, and is known of them in breaking of bread. Oh joy! joy! joy! 'tis true! The earth is redeemed! A new race is born—sons of God! Death has lost its sting, the grave its victory! "Vain the watch, the stone, the seal; Christ hath burst the bars of hell." Death cannot keep his prey. The sons of men have become the sons of God. Hallelujah! Sing, O earth! Let all nature her every tongue employ! Swell the glad anthem ye sons of men! Join the grand harmony ye angels of light! Let the universe sweep on in a mighty symphony till it reach the gates of heaven, while thru the opening way into the presence of the Shekinah comes the Mighty One! He comes! The Redeemer comes! He comes! The Conqueror comes! "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in."

## Our Young People

### Lead Us Father

GRACE POTTER

Lead us, Father, lead us  
In the path that's ours to tread;  
As day by day we follow thee,  
Give us our daily bread.

Teach us, Father, teach us,  
As our time goes swiftly by,  
To do our duty faithfully—  
To hold our lamps on high.

Bless us, Father, bless us,  
Oh, make us pure, we pray!  
And keep us ever true to thee—  
This is our prayer today.

### GIVING: Its Law; Its Reflex Influence

II Cor. 8:1-5; 9:6, 7; I Cor. 16:1, 2

Topic for Sunday, April 13.

### HOME READINGS

Mon., Apr. 7, Quiet charity, Matt. 6:1-4.  
Tues., " 8, From what one has, Mk. 12:41-44.  
Wed., " 9, Liberal giving, Job 31:16-22.  
Thur., " 10, Rewards of giving, Ps. 37:21-27.  
Fri., " 11, Blessing and blessed, Isa. 58:6-11.  
Sat., " 12, More blessed to give, Acts 20:28-35.

Many people dislike to hear sermons on giving, or to study the Bible teaching about giving, or to test the Master's saying "It is more blessed to give than to receive," but for this very reason we need gospel teaching on the subject the more. Some members honestly think they are all right because they are always on hands at communion service when in reality they are far from the kingdom because of their selfishness expressed by their stinginess.

The Brethren church has a great work to do but is crippled in every department for lack of funds. Our members are on the average, not wealthy people, but every pastor will witness to the truth of the assertion that even the Brethren church spends more money needlessly than for the Lord's work. If our mission board or College or publishing house could have the money spent for tobacco and table luxuries, for fashion and pleasure and display, the number of our candles would be doubled and trebled and the power of the light of each would be trebled and quadrupled and the joy of our service would abound beyond all measure. Let us come to this lesson with an